

# CURRENT ANECDOTES

## AND ILLUSTRATIVE SHORT STORIES

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### ILLUSTRATIONS FROM CURRENT EVENTS.

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#### THE ONE COLOSSAL FIGURE IN HISTORY.

Ex-Senator John J. Ingalls recently declared Jesus Christ to be the one colossal figure of human history. Caesar and Herod and Pilate, the kings, conquerors and philosophers of that day, are, he says, only names. No one cares that they lived or died, but Christ remains the living and most potential force in modern society. When he announced the fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man, and the immeasurable value of the humblest human soul, he made kings and despots and tyrants impossible. He laid the foundation of democratic self-government and the sovereignty of the people. From his teachings have come the emancipation of childhood, the elevation of woman, and our rich and splendid heritage of religious, civil and constitutional liberty. Indeed, says Mr. Ingalls, without disparaging Confucius, Buddha, or Mahomet, it is safe to assert that through Christianity alone has civilization come into the world. On the continued activity of its beneficent forces we must depend for its preservation; for the completion of man's conquest over nature; for the realization of the dreams of the universal republic. (451)

#### THE LENGTH OF THE DEVIL'S CHAIN.

There is a limit set to the possibilities of evil in this world; God is stronger than the devil. In the long struggle good shall overcome evil. The man who does the right, keeps his hands clean and his heart pure, may know that the God who set the limit beyond which the devil could not go in his temptation of Job, will not let him tempt us more than we are able to bear. Anna D. Walker sings the message with graphic figure and graceful lines under the title "A Boundary Set."

Sweet comfort with this truth is fraught,

A boundary to the sea is set:

The sea that oft has raged and fought

With all its power, beyond to get,—

And dashed its waves with foam and crest,

But still was held with high behest.

It could not go beyond the line,

Because 'twas set by hand Divine.

The Lord on high has said, thus far!

The sea it hears and hurries back;

It can not go beyond the bar,

It can not leave its wonted track.

The Lord the mandate has sent forth,

The waters hear,—the south, the north,

And east and west each knows the line

That has been set by hand Divine.

A sea of trouble rises high,  
 The waves they dash and foam and roll;  
 All dark and lowering is the sky,  
 And fear sits dominant in the soul.  
 But what is this dispels the gloom,  
 And gives a cheerful courage room?  
 A truth we never can forget,  
 A boundary to this sea is set.

The wicked rise in power and might  
 To cause the good man's overthrow,  
 But tho they rage and foam and fight,  
 Beyond God's word they can not go.  
 Lie still and safe, thou trembling soul;  
 The Lord still holds them in control.  
 This lesson learn nor e'er forget,  
 A boundary to this sea is set.

Behold the sea, survey the land  
 That doth the raging water's bar,—  
 A belt of ever-shifting sand,  
 But God Himself has said, *thus far!*  
 With feet upon the bleaching shore,  
 Above the billows and the roar,  
 The lesson learn, all sweet to thee,  
 God sets a boundary to the sea.

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#### VIOLET KILLERS.

American violet growers are disturbed over the appearance in considerable numbers of a dangerous fly which attacks the fragrant violet and destroys the plant if its ravages are not quickly checked. European florists have for many years had a war on their hands against violet pests, but it is only within a few years that the American grower has been troubled in this way. The American violet destroyer is of the same family as the European, but of a different genus. It works in the same way, secreting itself in the crown of the plant. There are moral and spiritual violet-killers as well. A fretful spirit, a habit of melancholy, a gloomy countenance, a pettish temper; how many violets intended to make the home fragrant and the heart brave and strong are murdered by these gall flies of the higher realm! Vagrant pests, they are from beneath, and fly up into the air never intended for them.

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#### SPIRITUAL INSIGHT.

We often excuse ourselves for the thoughtless and indifferent act, or the hard, cold words that cut like a knife, that we did not intend to give pain or be indifferent to the sorrows of others, and that if we had only known we would have acted differently. We ought to acquire carefulness in seeking to know the condition of others, and it is possible for us to grow in spiritual insight by living in sympathetic touch with Jesus Christ. Jesus "knew what was in man," because his own heart was in perfect sympathy, and in a loving attitude of helpfulness toward every human heart. If we will seek to live in His spirit I am sure Genesee Richardson's little poem "If we Knew," will not so often be a rebuke to us:

There are gems of wondrous brightness  
 Ofttimes lying at our feet,  
 And we pass them, walking thoughtless  
 Down the busy, crowded street;  
 If we knew, our pace would slacken—  
 We would step more oft with care,  
 Lest our careless feet be treading  
 To the earth some jewel rare.

If we knew what hearts are aching  
 For the comfort we might bring;  
 If we knew what souls are yearning  
 For the sunshine we might fling;  
 If we knew what feet are weary,  
 Walking pathways roughly laid;  
 We would quickly hasten forward,  
 Stretching forth our hands to aid.

If we knew what friends around us  
 Feel a want they never tell—  
 That some word that we have spoken  
 Pained or wounded where it fell,  
 We would speak in accents tender  
 To each friend we chanced to meet,  
 We would give to each one freely  
 Smiles of sympathy so sweet.

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### SLEEPING ON DUTY.

One of the saddest accidents that has occurred for a long time was that which transpired in Philadelphia recently, where a sleepy telegraph operator through failure to do his duty was the cause of seven people being burned to death. He was the operator in charge of the tower signal station. When he surrendered himself to the officers he said, "I did it. I was asleep or dozing; why I cannot say. I have no excuse to offer." It is a terrible thing to sleep on duty. But it is a danger which does not belong alone to men who work on railroads. It should arouse the preacher, the Sunday-school teacher, the father or mother, and the many other people whom God has set in signal towers, small or great, to watch over human lives. God help us that we may not sleep on guard.

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### LOOK FORWARD, NOT BACK.

One of the strongest things ever said by Paul was when he said, "Forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press on toward the goal, unto the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." I like that phrase "stretching forward" which the revisers of the New Testament have brought into the interpretation. The figure is striking, and in harmony with Paul's spirit. Some unknown poet expresses the thought in a way which ought to both comfort and inspire us. The message is to not permit the past to despoil the future:

The past is o'er—  
 Waste not thy days in vain regret,  
 Grieve thou no more.

Look now before,  
 And not behind thee; do not fret—  
 The past is o'er.

Thy pain is sore  
 And thou hast cause for sorrow, yet  
 Grieve thou no more.

Close memory's door;  
 That day is dead, that sun has set—  
 The past is o'er.

There are in store  
 For thee still happy days. Forget!  
 Grieve thou no more.

Smile as of yore—  
 No longer let thine eyes be wet.  
 The past is o'er.  
 Grieve thou no more!

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### HASTE TO THE RESCUE.

In a railroad wreck in Pennsylvania not long since, caused by a passenger train colliding with a stalled gravel train in a deep cut between withering forest fires, a woman performed an act of heroism which has won great praise. She ran back a mile from the scene of the wreck, groping most of the way through the smoke and the flames, to get aid. She found a live engine and got cars and hastened to the scene of the wreck and saved the fire encompassed passengers. Christians need that same spirit in efforts to save the world of sinners about them. We ought to haste to the rescue. Men and women who are girdled about by fires of passion and wicked habit, are in fearful danger, and we ought to run to their relief. Earnestness, deep, tender, undying earnestness, is the spirit which ought to inspire us.

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### THE BLESSINGS OF HOPE.

That is a bright saying of Paul's, "We are saved by hope." It is always wise to add up our hopes; they will put a silver lining into the darkest cloud, and give us a foretaste of "The good time coming." Some one sings:

Sing o' the "good time coming"—  
 Fancy you hear its drums,  
 And life'll be all the sweeter  
 If ever the good time comes!

Sing o' the "good time coming"—  
 Sing while the night comes on,  
 And life'll be all the brighter  
 For dreaming the day would dawn!

Sing o' the "good time coming"—  
 On a glad and golden wing,  
 And life will move in music  
 For dreaming the joy-bells ring!

Somewhere the good time's marching  
 With the rippling flags and drums;  
 But sing—and the world will blossom  
 If ever the good time comes!

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#### SELF COMPOSURE.

"Wonder if Taylor will stumble in his speech," observed one of the committee on elections, just before the opening session when the member from Ohio was to open the fight against the seating of Roberts of Utah. "A nervous delivery will weaken his arguments." "Beggin' youah pahdon, Honorable Mistah C—, sah," interposed his waiter, with the deferential liberty of a three terms' service upon this same M. C. "Mistah Taylor won't be nervous, sah. He's just lunched, sah, on some rare roast beef, mashed potatoes, and buttermilk, sah, and his appetite was quite unlistuhbed, sah; quite undistuhbed!" It is a great thing to be master of one's self. The man who masters himself can master other people. What a marvelous deliverance it is when Christ frees us from the tyrannical passions and habits of evil, and makes us to be king or queen in the domain of our own nature.

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#### CHRIST AT THE HEART'S DOOR.

Some poet, whose name I do not know, has painted a graphic picture of the man who is conscious that Christ is knocking at the door of the heart, and yet is held back from opening to his Lord by some strange lethargy which he cannot himself describe:

St. Peter once: "Lord, dost Thou wash my feet?"  
 Much more I say: "Lord, dost Thou stand and knock  
 At my closed heart more rugged than a rock,  
 Bolted and barred, for Thy soft touch unmeet,  
 Nor garnished nor in any wise made sweet?  
 Owls roost within and dancing satyrs mock.  
 Lord, I have heard the crowing of the cock,  
 And have not wept: ah, Lord, Thou knowest it.  
 Yet still I hear Thee knocking. Still I hear:  
 "Open to Me, look on Me eye to eye  
 That I may wring thy heart and make it whole;  
 And teach thee love because I hold thee dear,  
 And sup with thee in gladness soul with soul,  
 And sup with thee in glory by and by."

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#### AN ACTIVE RELIGION.

Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese minister to the United States, in a recent newspaper article acknowledges that Christ establishes a higher ideal of conduct than Confucius. He says that Jesus goes a little farther than Confucius in this that he requires his followers to do good to them who use them spitefully, and to turn the other cheek when smitten. Confucius says: "Requite justice with justice, favors with favors." Mr. Wu Ting Fang continues to say that in his judgment Christianity owes most of its converts in China to the fact, that it is more alluring than any religion than they have there. The idea of a future life and rewards for the righteous attract the hearts of the people. Confucius teaches no such doctrine. He was once asked if he believed in a future life, and he answered: "If I don't know what will take place to-morrow, how can I know anything about a remote future?" But Jesus Christ who did know what would take place on the morrow, could say to His disciples with joyous confidence, "In my Father's house are many mansions."

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#### DOING OUR PART.

It is a glorious thing that Christ calls us not to be weaklings, but strong soldiers to fight in fellowship with him for the redemption of mankind. It is only by such struggle that we may know the true greatness of life. Some poet sings:

Long since, in sore distress, I heard one pray,  
 "Lord, who prevailest with resistless might,  
 Ever from war and strife keep me away;  
 My battles fight!"

\* I am sure that every noble soul will turn from such a coward plea and join with the poet in his nobler prayer:

I do not ask that thou shalt front the fray,  
 And drive the warring foeman from my sight:  
 I only ask, O Lord, by night, by day,  
 Strength for the fight!

When foes upon me press, let me not quail,  
 Nor think to turn me into coward flight,  
 I only ask, to make mine arms prevail,  
 Strength for the fight!

Still let mine eyes look ever on the foe,  
 Still let mine armor case me strong and bright;  
 And grant me, as I deal each righteous blow,  
 Strength for the fight.

And when, at eventide, the fray is done,  
 My soul to Death's bed-chamber do thou light,  
 And give me, be the field or lost or won,  
 Rest from the fight!

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### PUTTING OURSELVES INTO DANGER.

A strange lawsuit has just been decided in England. A man visiting a show, found a stable door open and went in and stroked the zebra, whereupon the ungrateful beast let out with his heels, and kicked him through a partition into another stall, where another zebra bit his hand so cruelly that it had to be amputated. The question was whether he could recover damages from the zebra's owner? A jury thought he could, but the Court of Appeals decided not. The learned judges declared that a zebra is legally a wild animal. Now a man's duty with regard to a wild beast is to keep it secured, so that it may not go about seeking whom it may devour, and this zebra was secured. True, the door was casually left open, and if the visitor had merely gone in and been kicked, he might have recovered damages; but he invited his kicking by stroking the zebra. How many people there are who fall into sin the same way. They pray in the morning, "Lead me not into temptation," and then they go carelessly wandering around into the devil's stables, ready to stroke any curious zebra of sin they can find. If we do our duty and keep ourselves out of the way of evil the promise is that no trial shall come upon us from which we may not safely escape.

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### MEETING OUR LOVED ONES.

How close it brings Christ to us when we hear him praying "Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, may be with me where I am." As we get older, or as through failing health we draw close to the end of the journey of life on earth, how strong is the longing to be sure that we shall meet our loved ones again in heaven! Nothing is sweeter than the promises we have of that cheering fact. Mrs. Farningham sings of that great longing and of our blessed hope in Christ, in a way to strengthen our hearts. She says:

I am pressing on to the slippery shore  
 With my sore and weary feet,  
 But a little while and I hope to stand  
 At the edge of the golden street.  
 But I pray this prayer from amid the deep—  
 O Saviour of sinners, bring  
 Those whom I love to abide with me  
 In the presence of the King!

There are warm young hearts in the household band;  
 There are brightly beaming eyes;  
 There are voices sweet that I fain would hear  
 'Mid the anthems of the skies.  
 Thou knowest, O Jesus, how closely here  
 The bonds of love entwine;  
 I count them o'er in the gloaming hour,  
 And remember these words of Thine.

There are trembling fingers and silvery hairs,  
 And eyes that are growing dim,  
 And voices less strong than in days of yore,  
 Swelling the evening hymn.  
 I would not miss them at home in heaven;  
 O Jesus, who gave them me,  
 May I have them again in the land of peace,  
 In the home by the glassy sea?

When the golden crowns at Thy feet are cast,  
 May they be among the band;  
 When the hymn is swelling o'er heavenly hills,  
 Let them with the harpers stand.

It cannot be that the dearest ones  
 Shall depart in the day of strife;  
 It cannot be that the loves of earth  
 Shall die in the day of life.

I would that my dear ones might all be brought  
 To the feet of the Crucified;  
 Might be carried to Him when borne away  
 By the coldly rolling tide.

But man is weak, although love be strong,  
 And I can but look to Thee,  
 And pray as Thou prayedst in Thine agony,  
 Oh, give them again to me!

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#### A NOVELIST'S LADDER.

One of the most interesting literary stories told lately is concerning Gabriele d'Annunzio, the novelist, whose method of working is as original as his work itself. A student and at the same time a man of the world, he resolutely abandons pleasure at certain seasons and devotes himself wholly to literary work. That nothing may disturb him, he goes to the country house of his friend, Michetti, the painter, and there in a large room, he labors strenuously over his romances. No staircase leads to this room, neither has it any door. In the morning a ladder is placed against the window, and D'Annunzio climbs up and thus reaches his desk. Thereupon the ladder is removed by Michetti, and the novelist works at his ease until noon, when his friend climbs up to him with a light luncheon. The entire afternoon is also devoted to work, and not until evening does D'Annunzio descend the ladder. He then joins Michetti in a short walk, after which the two friends chat together until late in the night. In this way D'Annunzio forces himself to work steadily, for, no matter how much he may be tempted to wander away and enjoy himself in society, the absence of stairs and of the ladder during his working hours renders it impossible for him to escape from his temporary prison. Several of his romances have been written under such conditions, and their success has been so great that the author is becoming yearly more attached to the large and cloistral room in his friend's country house. That is very interesting and serves the purpose very well, but after all it would be suggestive of a stronger manhood if the novelist's ladder was in his own strong will that could send him to his work without making himself a prisoner. It is better to have a ladder and some one to carry it away from our window than to fail to do work waiting for us to do, but it is grander to be through Christ's fellowship master in our own spirit so that we do not need such devices.

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#### PRESSING TOWARD THE GOAL.

How inspiring it is, in the midst of the hardships and sacrifices of this life, to picture the glories of that day of triumph when with all the battles fought, and the victories won, we shall stand in Zion and before our King, and receive his gracious welcome. It has been a favorite theme with the poets, but few of them have sung of it with more feeling and discrimination than the Rev. Denis Wortman in his "Reliques of the Christ." He sings:

There is a city great and strong,  
 Twelve gates of precious stones,  
 With turrets and high battlements,  
 Not needing light of suns;  
 The streets aglow with fire of gold,  
 It hath no sound of strife;  
 In glory all its own it stands  
 Beside the stream of life.

A joy is there that knows no cry,  
 A light that ne'er grows dim;  
 A multitude that never cease  
 From grateful praise and hymn,  
 So all the sainted sons of earth,  
 And angels there I view;  
 And there, O vision glorious,  
 There standeth Jesus, too.

Jesus, I know 'tis He: I see  
 The mark of nail and spear,  
 And on his face I catch the trace  
 Of earth-time smile and tear;  
 But on his brow a crown shines now,  
 And bending hosts adore!  
 'Tis He, 'tis He who on the tree  
 The thorn crown meekly wore!

O wondrous fair Jerusalem,  
 Shall I thy gates pass through?  
 Thy jubilations surely join,  
 Thy lordly splendors view  
 O Crucified, O Glorified,  
 Shall I Thy face behold,  
 And join the ransomed as they sing  
 Along the streets of gold?

O crowns and thrones and sapphires,  
 Ye glisten in the light!  
 Ye can not flash too far your joy,  
 Ye can not blaze too bright;  
 And some day God shall bid me dwell  
 Where the great visions shine;  
 The sight of the Lord and all He is  
 Shall be the world's and mine.

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### SEEING OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US.

An amusing story is being told in Europe about David Col, the Antwerp painter, who died recently. As he was at work in his studio one day many years ago there entered a farmer, who requested him to paint his father's portrait. The artist, not being overburdened with wealth at that time, gladly agreed to do the work, and said that he would be pleased to see the old gentleman at any time. Thereupon the farmer said, mournfully, "Oh, you can't see him, sir, for he's dead." "Then how on earth do you expect me to paint his portrait?" asked the artist. "Oh, you are fooling me, sir," said the farmer. "Just tell me whose picture that is on the easel there." "That is a portrait of St. Anthony," was the answer. "Is that really St. Anthony?" "Yes." "Did he sit to you?" "Of course not." "Well, then, isn't that a clear proof that you are able to make the portrait of a dead man?" Col, who wanted money badly, allowed himself to be persuaded by this novel argument, and, therefore, he obtained from the farmer as many particulars about the dead man as he could, and then after making a sketch of the son, because he said that he closely resembled his father, he began work on the portrait. When it was finished it was simply an older portrait of the man who had ordered it. He sent for the farmer and showed it to him. To his surprise the man fell on his knees and began to cry bitterly, his eyes meanwhile fixed on the portrait. Col flattered himself that he had made a life-like portrait, and that it was the wonderful resemblance which caused the son to grieve so sorely. "Why do you cry so much?" he asked, trying to comfort him. "Oh, my dear sir," was the unexpected reply, "I never thought that anyone could change so in such a short time. Dear me, how terribly ugly my poor father has become." It behooves us all to live in humility of spirit, for if we could see ourselves as others see us we may be very sure that much of our pride would vanish into thin air.

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### LIFE'S BEST.

The best things life has for us are not to be found amid the sharp competitions of the market place, neither in the deadly strife for fame and position. But the sweetest blessings God gives us, whether we be rich or poor, is in the fellowship and love of true hearts that hold us dear. Hattie Griswold sings it very clearly in these lines:

Far back amid the days of long ago  
 I dreamed of power, and again of fame;  
 I would write large upon Time's scroll my name;  
 For strength to rule, I would all else forego.  
 The world had needs, and I would fain bestow  
 My all upon it: all my soul aflame  
 For love of the world's work, and its acclaim  
 I plunged breast deep into its toil, its woe.  
 Now from life's afternoon I calmly gaze  
 On what was done and what was left undone,  
 And count the last returns that life has made.  
 I hold them—the delight of quiet days,  
 The rapture of the setting of the sun,  
 The love of friends, constant in sun and shade.

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## COURAGE OF GREAT SOULS.

Thomas F. Prendle, for thirty-five years a doorkeeper at the Executive Mansion, used frequently to accompany President Lincoln on his walks about Washington, and has many interesting things to tell of that great man, whom he believes to have been one of the bravest men the world has ever known. On one occasion Prendle was walking with the President down a flight of steps at the Navy Department, when they came suddenly upon a man who was evidently endeavoring to hide himself in a dark corner at the bottom of the staircase. Observing the stranger and fearing he meant harm to the President, Prendle endeavored to place his body in a position to protect his companion. Mr. Lincoln, however, brave and fearless as always, stepped forward and closely scrutinized the man who ran rapidly up the steps and, turning squarely around when he reached the top, looked down upon the President, who did not falter, but continued to gaze sharply at him. On their return to the White House Mr. Lincoln said, quite calmly, "Prendle, do you know I received a letter last night, warning me against a man who exactly answers the description of that man we met on the steps?" All the greatest souls have been brave and courageous. Courage may be cultivated but not in any frivolous way. It can only be developed by becoming large in soul through realizing that our lives are in the hands of God and through the consciousness that our conduct is pleasing to him. (469)

## "OF WHOM THE WORLD WAS NOT WORTHY."

That is a very significant saying of Paul's in that great roll call of the "heroes of the faith" in the Eleventh chapter of Hebrews, where the great Apostle tells of some of the heroic deeds of unnamed saints and heroes, saying of them, "Of whom the world was not worthy." There are many such saints and heroes in our own time; men and women who live quiet unheralded lives, and who walk in the byways of life, but the beauty and fragrance of their characters, and the helpfulness of their spirit, mark them as the brothers and sisters of Jesus Christ. They are not lost; heaven keeps track of them, and they shall have their day of glory by and by. Sir Edwin Arnold sings of them in strong lines:

They have no place in storied page,

No rest in marble shrine;

They are past and gone with a perished age,

They died, and "made no sign."

But work that shall find its wages yet,

And deeds that their God did not forget—

Done for their love divine—

These were their mourners, and these shall be

The crowns of their immortality.

Oh, seek them not where sleep the dead,

Ye shall not find their trace;

No graven stone is at their head,

No green grass hides their face.

But sad and unseen is their silent grave—

It may be the sand or the deep sea wave

Or a lonely desert place;

For they need no prayers and no mourning bell,

They were tombed in true hearts that knew them well.

They healed sick hearts till theirs were broken,

And dried sad eyes till theirs lost light;

We shall know at last by a certain token

How they fought and fell in the fight.

Salt tears in sorrow unbeheld,

Passionate cries unchronicled,

And silent strifes for the right—

Angels shall count them, and earth shall sigh

That she left her best children to battle and die.

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## GOD KEEPING FAITH WITH HIS CHILDREN.

Ex-Senator John J. Ingalls writing recently on "The Immortality of the Soul," relates how many years ago he heard a distinguished American orator deliver a lecture upon the evidences of immortality outside the Bible. In the stress and pressure of the closing days of a short session of Congress he held the rapt and breathless attention of an immense audience, comprising all that was most cultured, brilliant and renowned in the social and official life of the Capital. He dwelt with remarkable effectiveness and power upon the fact that nowhere in nature, from the highest to the lowest, was an instinct, an impulse, a desire implanted, but that ultimately were found the conditions and the opportunities for its fullest realization. He instanced the wild fowl that, moved by some mysterious impulse, start on their prodigious migrations from the frozen fens of the pole and reach at last the shining south and the Summer seas; the fish that from tropic gulfs seek their

spanning grounds in the cool, bright rivers of the north; the bees that find in the garniture of fields and forests the treasure with which they store their cells, and even the wolf, the lion and the tiger that are provided with their prey. Turning to humanity, he alluded to the brevity of life; its incompleteness; its aimless, random and fragmentary careers; its tragedies, its injustice, its sorrows and separations. Then he referred to the insatiable hunger for knowledge; the efforts of the unconquerable mind to penetrate the mysteries of the future; its capacity to comprehend infinity and eternity; its desire for the companionship of the departed; its unquenchable aspirations for immortality, and he asked, "Why should God keep faith with the beast, the bee, the fish and the fowl, and cheat man?" (471)

### THE MEANING OF THE FLAG.

H. H. Bennett in a little poem entitled "The Flag Goes By," sings of the meaning of the National Banner in a way that will do us all good:

Hats off!  
 Along the street there comes  
 A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,  
 A flash of color beneath the sky;  
 Hats off!  
 The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,  
 Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines,  
 Hats off!  
 The colors before us fly;  
 But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea fights and land fights, grim and great,  
 Fought to make and to save the state!  
 Weary marches and sinking ships;  
 Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and days of peace;  
 March of a strong land's swift increase;  
 Equal justice, right and law,  
 Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong  
 Toward her people from foreign wrong;  
 Pride and glory and honor, all  
 Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!  
 Along the street there comes  
 A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;  
 And loyal hearts are beating high;  
 Hats off!  
 The flag is passing by!

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### THE EFFECTS OF KINDNESS.

There is an old man who makes a visit to Prospect Park, Brooklyn, every fine morning during the summer, and spends an hour or two feeding birds and squirrels with bread crumbs which he brings in his pocket. He is a kindly-faced, white-haired old man, and all the birds and squirrels know him and run or fly to meet him whenever he comes in sight. They go right up to him and take the crumbs from his hand. A policeman speaking about it said: "I've been in the park for twenty years and I don't know a bird or a squirrel, but he knows them all. It certainly beats me how he ever got acquainted." There is a wise saying in the book of Proverbs, which declares that if a man will have friends, "He must show himself friendly." It is kindness first in our hearts, then on our lips and at our finger tips which wins the affection not only of beasts and birds, but of men and women and children.

(473)

### THE TRAIL OF SLANDER.

Somebody has written a little poem which perhaps will never be a classic, and yet it tells with wondrous truth the way a slander false and devilish, that blights it may be more than one life, and causes the loss of an immortal soul, may start in a silly gossip and roll along its way without anybody fully appreciating the wickedness of their own part in it. The title of the poem is "How a Falsehood Grows." This is the way the poet describes it:

First somebody told it,  
 Then the room wouldn't hold it,  
 So the busy tongues rolled it  
     Till they got it outside;  
 Then the crowd came across it,  
 And never once lost it,  
 But tossed it and tossed it,  
     Till it grew long and wide.

This lie brought forth others,  
 Dark sisters and brothers,  
 And fathers and mothers,  
     A terrible crew;  
 And headlong they hurried  
 The people they flurried  
 And troubled and worried  
     As lies always do.

(474)

#### THE GREAT WRESTLING MATCH.

Dr. George H. Hepworth speaking of the great struggle between good and evil in our hearts, says there is one class of emotions which a man should welcome as he does his tried and trusted friends—love, charity, kindness. Under their influence his soul becomes symmetrical and beautiful, as when a sculptor chips away the marble that is useless and brings to light the statue that was hidden within. And there is another class of emotions which literally poison the blood and open the door wide for every possible ailment. They are the worst enemies of that poise and serenity which mark an ideal manhood—resentment, revenge, ill temper and ill will—and to cherish them is fatal to happiness. They are the instruments in the orchestra which are out of tune. They are the hairs in the watch, storm clouds in the sky, the miasm of the dank and dreary swamp.

(475)

#### BRUISED FOR OUR INIQUITIES.

Nothing else can make us feel as we ought toward Jesus Christ except to have a vision of him dying on the cross in our stead. Some poet sings of it:

Think, oh, Jesus, for what reason,  
 Thou endured earth's spite and treason;  
 Nor me lose in this dread season;  
 Seeking me Thy worn feet hastened,  
 On the cross Thy soul death tasted;  
 Let not all these toils be wasted.

Think how near to dark perdition  
 I had wandered in delusion,  
 Wandered, stained by sin's pollution;  
 Look from heaven, Thy glorious mansion;  
 See me weep in deep contrition,  
 Weep and yield Thee full submission.

(476)

#### A COSTLY SLEEP.

A man who had taken too much wine with his dinner, in Philadelphia, feeling in a very good humor, wished to talk to a friend of his in Providence, Rhode Island. He went to the telephone in the hotel and told the young lady in charge that he wanted to speak to Mr. So-and-So in Providence, and wouldn't she kindly call up the party. The girl did as she was bade. "Party's on the 'phone," she said, and the man went into the telephone box, sat down and put the receiver to his ear. And then he calmly and sweetly dropped off to sleep. When he woke up he owed the telephone company \$32.90. He said he wouldn't pay it—but he did. And yet there are many people that are doing the same kind of thing in matters more important. They are living in daily opportunities of communion with heaven, and every day of lethargy and indifference causes loss beyond all human power to compute.

(477)

#### THE IMMORTAL THINGS.

The temporary and perishable things of the world come in on us like a flood, and are so noisy that unless we are careful they make us forget the unseen and spiritual realities which are of infinitely greater importance. Priscilla Leonard has a little poem which happily expresses it:

Only the immortal things...  
     For the things of time are fleeting,  
 To and fro the pendulum swings,  
     Love and Death forever meeting,  
 Joy forever quenched in tears  
 Through life's swift and tragic years.

Only the immortal things—

Naught beside is worth endeavor,

Wide on their eternal wings

They upraise the soul forever,

From the struggle of the years

To their own unfading spheres. 478

### COURAGE IN PRIVATE LIFE.

Under the auspices of the English Colonial Office two physicians are to spend the summer in the Roman Campagna, near Cervellela, which is described as one of the deadliest spots on the globe. Their object is to demonstrate dramatically to the public that malaria is entirely due to mosquitoes. Scientific men already realize this fact, but it is desired to convince the public and residents of tropical countries. The courage of the physician in the interest of science is often illustrated. It takes a higher kind of courage to deliberately take risks for the sake of humanity in the quiet walks of peace, than on the firing line amid the inspiration of battle. There is a call for heroes in these days as loud as ever heard before, and heroism is not lacking. (479)

### THE ILLUSIVE CHARACTER OF FAME.

The young are often dazzled by applause and think that in becoming famous lies the secret of happiness. Nothing could be farther from the truth than that. Emily Dickinson puts it graphically and well in her little rhyme:

Fame is a bee,

It has a song—

It has a sting—

Ah, too, it has a wing. (480)

### KEEPING THE CLOCK WOUND UP.

A recent writer comments on how slight a thing may influence a man's whole future. In a town in which this gentleman once lived—a town that later grew into a prosperous city—there were two jewelers, each of them just about making a living, and maybe just a little more. They were going along that way when a newcomer, a man of wealth, bought land in the town and built him a fine house and settled there. These new people had a good deal of work for a jeweler, and they tried both of the jewelers to see which they liked better, before settling on one, and it was hard for them to decide; they liked them both; both did good work and they were both pleasant men. But presently something happened that made the head of the house come at once to a definite decision. One of these jewelers had in his window a clock which the man of the newly-arrived household used to consult in passing; he found it a good time-keeper and he came to rely upon it for the correct time, and have rather a friendly feeling for its owner; when, going by one day, and looking in at it as usual, he saw that it had stopped! The jeweler that had placed that clock in the window, thus inviting confidence in it, and through it in himself, had forgotten to wind it. That settled it with the newcomer, who was a precise man, who had made his money by exact attention to business; and after that his carriage always stood in front of the other jeweler's store. The little occurrence turned the scales in the history of the two jewelers. The one grew into a rich man, while the other, who had forgotten to wind his clock that day, moved into a side street as the city prospered. That illustrates a great many things that occur in life. Men go along doing very well, until some day they let the clock stop, and through a single shady deed, or angry word, or ungentlemanly look they destroy the work of a lifetime. We can never afford to be off our guard in this world. We must keep the clock wound, and hold it to its obligation to keep correct time every day in the year, if we are to fulfill the full measure of our opportunity. (481)

### THE GALA DAY.

We are having our days of trial now, but if we are faithful to God, and endure unto the end, our day of gladness and triumph shall come in God's own good time. Peter, thinking about this, said, "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as tho some strange thing happened unto you; but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings! that, when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy." Josephine Rand, meditating on these words of the Apostle, translates them into a most courageous song:

I shall be glad some glorious day,

"Glad also with exceeding joy;"

So reads the Word, and I believe;

These trials, Lord, let me receive,

Nor e'er be sad.

Let me rejoice that I partake

Of Thine own woes for Thy dear sake,

That when Thy glory is revealed,

And faithfulness no more concealed,

I may be glad!

I shall be glad in that great day  
 When all my tears are wiped away;  
 With all my griefs and pains forgot—  
 The burdens of my earthly lot—  
     And heaven won;  
 "Glad also with exceeding joy"—  
 Gladness that knoweth no alloy.  
 Yea, I shall sing when I behold  
 The glory of His banner's gold,  
     And life begun.

I shall be satisfied that day,  
 And shall forget the toilsome way  
 Up which my weary feet did climb,  
 When, face to face, in that glad time,  
     I see my Lord.  
 Fall back, sins of the fleshly world!  
 Ye shall to outer depths be hurled.  
 Christ baffled all the hosts of hell:  
 I am in Him, and all is well;  
     I trust His Word.

(482)

### THE TWO CLASSES OF MEN.

Senator Chauncey Depew in a recent address at Girard College, in a tribute to the founder, Stephen Girard, called attention to the fact that there are two classes of strong men who influence the world. The one acts upon impulse or are moved by the exigent necessities of the day; the other build upon the basic principles which control in the end, though it may take years for them to work out, and then the beneficent results go on forever. Let every young man take note of this, that mushroom success may be grown with little outlay and little waiting, but that a real triumph worthy of a man, requires a man's patience and devotion.

(483)

### THE POINT OF VIEW.

It would often save us from uncharitable and cruel criticism of others if we would take the care to note the "point of view" from which they have come to the conclusion or action which we condemn. Mrs. O. B. Merrill puts it in a very striking way in a little poem:

Hit ar' mighty pleasant lisnin'  
     Ter pattah on de roof  
 Ob dem raindraps sofly fallin',  
     Ef yo're shore hit's watahproof!  
 An' dere music's berry coofin'  
     As dey taps de shingle tips,  
 So yo knows dar ain't no cayshun  
     Ter go hunting' fur de drips.  
  
 An' I 'low yo'd 'joy de thundah,  
     Beatin on dat big base drum,  
 Ef yo're foddah stack's done sheltahed  
     'Fore de ansy'rin' showah come.  
 W'en dem sparrers sass de jaybirds,  
     An' de crows camp meeting' keep,  
 Yo' mought laugh, purvided onlies'  
     Dat yore seed cawn's kivahed deep!

But dar's mighty leetle beauty  
     In dat "music ob de speres,"  
 Ef de while yo' tries ter lissen  
     Fate am cuffin' ob yore y'ears.  
 'Tis de beat'nes' wurl fur humbug,  
     But dis yere ar' mos'ly true—  
 Dat hit makes er heap ob difference  
     Whar yo' takes yore pint ob view!

(484)

### A MISER IN RAGS.

An old woman was arrested for begging in New York City not long ago and taken to the police station. While her clothes were being taken from her to be fumigated, a bag of pennies and small silver coins was found tied to her waist. The bag weighed twenty-three pounds, and the value of the coins it contained, together with some bills which had been sewn into the lining of her ragged clothes, amounted to more than a hundred dollars. The

bag was handed back to the old woman the next morning after her arrest. She was wild with delight and caressed it as if it were a lost child. She retired to a corner, softly chuckling to herself, and every little while she would take out a handful of the coin and slip it from hand to hand, seeming to get a fierce delight in the touch of the copper. Avarice and greed are by no means confined to the rich. A miser may exist under a ragged coat as well as in the mansion. Avarice and greed and the selfish spirit are always clothed in filthy rags, however, in God's sight.

(485)

### "UNTIL HE FIND."

There is something very impressive about that phrase in the story of the Shepherd who leaves the ninety and nine, and goes seeking after the lost sheep "until he find it." We need to get the same spirit of patience and persistence which sustains our divine Lord. Anna Temple sings the sweet story with tender feeling:

O tender Shepherd! climbing rugged mountains,  
And wading waters deep,  
How long wouldst Thou be willing to go homeless  
To find a straying sheep?  
"I count no time," the Shepherd gently answered,  
"As thou dost count and bind  
The days in weeks, the weeks in months; my counting  
Is just—until I find.  
And that would be the limit of my journey,  
I'd cross the waters deep,  
And climb the hillsides with unfailing patience,  
Until I found my sheep."

(486)

### DO WHAT WE CAN DO BEST.

An interesting story has recently been told of Lord Beaconsfield. It was at the Berlin Congress and one of his private secretaries came to Lord Odo, the British Minister, and said, "We are in a most unpleasant situation. Lord Beaconsfield insists on making a French speech. He has written out a tremendous oration, and learned it by heart; we shall be the laughing stock of Europe. He pronounces 'Epicier' as if it rhymed with 'overseer,' and the rest of his pronunciation is about on a par. We cannot tell him so. Perhaps you can help us?" "I will see what is to be done," replied Lord Odo. He went to Lord Beaconsfield and said, "My dear lord, a terrible report has reached our ears." "Really, what is it?" "We have heard that you intend speaking French." "Well, Lord Odo, what do you mean by that?" "Well, we all know no one in Europe is more competent than you. But, taking everything into consideration you must admit that making a French speech is something quite usual. There are half a dozen members of the Congress that could do it, if not quite, yet, nearly as well as you. But who can make an English speech like you? Nobody. All the plenipotentiaries from the different courts of Europe have come here in the expectation of the treat of hearing the greatest living master of English speak. The question for you, my dear lord, is: Will you disappoint them?" Lord Beaconsfield after a moment's thought replied: "There is much truth in what you say. I will consider the matter." Following this suggestion, Beaconsfield spoke English at the Congress. No man ever fails to lose by doing a thing he can only do poorly, when he might do something else equally valuable in a superb manner.

(487)

### COURAGE.

Some one has said that discouragement is an act of unbelief, and surely it is true that so long as we walk in close touch with God, and realize that beneath us are the "everlasting arms," we cannot yield to despair. The way to recover from discouragement is to bring ourselves by prayer and service into close conscious touch with heaven. Susan Coolidge brings this out very clearly in her poem entitled "Lift Up Your Hearts."

The spent nerve and the lowered pulse,  
The sluggish current of the blood  
Which feels no glad abounding flow,  
No bound or joyousness, but slow,  
And, as it were, reluctantly,  
Fills the dull veins—all these may be  
Reasons why life should not seem good.

Happiness is an easy thing  
When summer airs fan summer skies,  
And birds in all the branches sing;  
Or in the budding days of spring,  
When life springs up renewed and fair,  
And joy is in the very air,  
And laughter readier is than sighs.

But in the ebb-times of the soul,  
 When Hope's bright tide has turned and  
 Leaving bare sands and thirsting shells,  
 When dried are the street water-wells,  
 And leaden moments, slow with pain,  
 Pass, and the wave turns not again,  
 And life seems all uncomforted,—

Then is the time of test, when Faith  
 Cries to the heart which inly fails:  
 Courage! not let thy forces dim.  
 Although He slay thee, trust in Him  
 Who giveth good and tempereth ill,  
 And never fails, and never will,  
 To be the refuge of His saints.

"To yield to grief without a blow  
 Is to doubt God: with Him for guide,  
 The pleasant pathway, and no less  
 The hot and thorn set wilderness,  
 Alike are roads to heaven, and He,  
 Even where thou waitest beside the sea,  
 Can with a word recall the tide."

(488)

### SEEKING THE PHYSICIAN.

During the progress of a fire in Youngstown, Ohio, in which some stables were burned, a horse broke its halter and, rushing through the flames, reached the street with its mane and tail blazing and its broad back a mass of flames. Hesitating only an instant, the animal started on a run and stopped in front of the hospital of a veterinary surgeon, where it neighed and showed that it expected relief. Some weeks before the animal had been ill and was treated at the veterinary stable, where it was cured. On coming through the fire it evidently believed that the surgeon who helped it before could do so again. Surely a man who has been treated by the Great Physician of souls again and again, and found blessing and healing at his hand, ought to show as much wisdom as a wounded horse and hasten to him in the hour of renewed hurt and necessity.

(489)

### FINDING ALL IN JESUS.

Dr. Matheson, the blind preacher of Edinburgh, brings out very tenderly how in Jesus Christ we may find the food we need for every need of our lives. He sings:

O Love, that wilt not let me go,  
 I rest my weary soul on thee;  
 I give thee back the life I owe,  
 That in thine ocean depth its flow  
 May richer, fuller be.

O Joy, that seekest me through pain,  
 I cannot close my heart to thee;  
 I trace the rainbow through the rain,  
 And feel the promise is not vain,  
 That morn shall fearless be.

O Cross, that liftest up my head,  
 I dare not ask to fly from thee;  
 I lay in dust, life's glory dead,  
 And from the ground there blossoms red  
 Life that shall endless be.

(490)

### "THE POWER OF AN ENDLESS LIFE."

Dr. George H. Hepworth in one of his recent New York Herald sermons, speaking of the influence of the belief in immortality, declares that the brightest, holiest and most inspiring thing under the sun is a belief that we shall wake up after sleep. It gives us courage, broadens our shoulders, and makes us rich in anticipation. The other life is better than this, and when there we shall complete the work which we left unfinished as the shadows fell on our short and troubled career.

(491)

### THE BRIGHT SIDE OF LOSS.

It seems sometimes to us to be a very hard thing to be so shut up to certain conditions that we cannot help ourselves, but after all it has its bright side. To do what God wills is the happiest thing for any of us, and when we are forced into one path, though we would

gladly go a different way, looking at it from our own standpoint, then we may be sure it is the will of God. Priscilla Leonard brings this out in a very clear and helpful poem:

Whenever there comes to you or me  
The settled sentence, "It cannot be!"  
When the hope, half blossomed, dies in frost,  
When the chance, half grasped, is forever lost,  
When the light that gleamed upon our way  
Fades, and leaves but the common day—  
Shall we say, in bitterness, "Never more  
Can life be rich as it was before;  
This was the central joy we sought,  
All the rest without it is naught;  
Naught but loss and struggle remains;  
Nothing in life is worth the pains?"

Nay—for life has a thousand ways:  
Opportunity crowds the days,  
New hopes spring where the old ones died,  
One shut door leaves a hundred wide,  
And over all is the Father's care,  
Giving each human soul its share  
Of hope and care, of joy and woe,  
Of love and loneliness here below;  
In his wisdom is no mistake,  
What seems hard is for love's own sake,  
His the choice, and ours to say,  
"The Lord has given—has taken away."

So, when there comes to you or me  
The Father's message, "It cannot be!"  
Let us rise from the weakness of selfish pain  
And gird our loins in his strength again;  
His plans for us are wide and sweet,  
His love and wisdom guide our feet  
Ever upward and forward and on;  
Deeper joys for the joy that is gone,  
Nobler days for the day that is dead,  
Higher hopes for the hope that is fled—  
These are our Father's gift and will,  
And the seeming loss is a blessing still.

#### THE REGICIDES' WELL.

Some workmen tearing down some old buildings near the Yale campus, in New Haven, recently made an interesting discovery. The discovery is that of the old Regicides' well, which has been practically lost to local history for half a century. The well is one of the most interesting of the relics of the town. A hundred years ago all that part of the town was a marsh and traces of this marsh remained until well on into the middle of the century. In this land, which was far out from the center of the town a hundred years ago, tradition has it that the three English Regicides, Edward Walley, John Dixwell, and William Goffe, lived in retirement in a hut which they had built in the woods. Near this spot the Regicides dug the well in a rude way to get water. The college will put a memorial tablet on the walls of the new alumni hall to commemorate the Regicides' well. There is another well to which thirsty souls fleeing from their sins never fail to find refreshment. It is the well of salvation, and though multitudes have fled to it for the Water of Life, its waters are as abundant as ever. (493)

#### KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM.

The superiority of wisdom over knowledge is brought out in a very strong manner by Sam Walter Foss in a poem which sets in contrast "The Man who loved the names of things," and "The Man who loved the soul of things."

I.

The Man who Loved the Names of Things  
Went forth beneath the skies,  
And named all things that he beheld,  
And people called him wise.  
An unseen presence walked with him  
Forever by his side,  
The wedded mistress of his soul—  
For Knowledge was his bride;  
She named the flowers, the weeds, the trees,  
And all the growths of all the seas.

She told him all the rocks by name,  
 The winds and whence they blew;  
 She told him how the seas were formed,  
 And how the mountains grew;  
 She numbered all the stars for him;  
 And all the rounded skies  
 Were mapped and charted for the gaze  
 Of his devouring eyes.  
 Thus, taught by her, he taught the crowd;  
 They praised—and he was very proud.

## II.

The Man who Loved the Soul of Things  
 Went forth serene and glad,  
 And mused upon the mighty world,  
 And people called him mad.  
 An unseen presence walked with him  
 Forever by his side,  
 The wedded mistress of his soul—  
 For Wisdom was his bride.  
 She showed him all this mighty frame,  
 And bade him feel—but named no name.

She stood with him upon the hills  
 Ringed by the azure sky,  
 And shamed his lowly thought with stars,  
 And bade it climb as high.  
 And all the birds he could not name,  
 The nameless stars that roll,  
 The unnamed blossoms at his feet  
 Talked with him soul to soul;  
 He heard the Nameless Glory speak  
 In silence—and was very meek.

(494)

## THE POWER OF BROTHERLY SYMPATHY.

The superintendent of Cuban Public Schools says that the attitude of the American teachers toward the Cuban teachers has made a profound impression on the people of the entire island. There is no doubt that the expressions of good will arising out of the plan of carrying the Cuban teachers to Harvard for a summer term of study have done more to establish confidence in the minds of the Cuban people than all the other acts of the American government together. From one end of Cuba to the other not only the teachers, but the people at large are deeply stirred at this generous sympathy. It has been the means of centering their thoughts on the great Republic to which they owe their independence, and it has revealed to them the generous, patriotic side of our National life. In Church as well as State, generosity and kindness expressed in brotherly sympathy which seeks the good of others will win when nothing else will.

(495)

## THE MOUNT OF VISION.

Tennyson brings out beautifully how the "Mount of Blessing" climbed by humble, reverent service is always on the way toward the "Mount of Vision."

Cling to Faith beyond the forms of Faith;  
 She reels not in the storm of warring words,  
 She sees the best that glimmers through the worst,  
 She feels the sun is hid but for a night,  
 She spies the summer thro' the winter bud,  
 She tastes the fruit before the blossom falls,  
 She hears the lark within the songless egg,  
 She finds the fountain where they wailed, "Mirage!"  
 And lay thine uphill shoulder to the wheel,  
 And climb the Mount of Blessing, whence, if thou  
 Look higher, then—perchance—thou mayest—beyond  
 A hundred ever rising mountains lines,  
 And past the range of Night and Shadows see  
 The high heaven dawn of more than mortal day  
 Strike on the Mount of Vision!

## MUST BE LEFT BEHIND.

Not long ago a Spaniard was buried in Dolores and after the funeral the niece of the dead man informed the other relatives that he had at the time of his death the sum of \$500 in one of his pockets. The news caused great consternation, as the man had been buried in his ordinary clothes, and no one had taken the precaution to investigate the pockets. The niece had been prostrate with grief at the death of her uncle and did not remember anything about the money until after the funeral. It is needless to say that the grave was immediately reopened and the money removed from the dead man's pocket. This is a very suggestive incident to give emphasis to the old and oft quoted remark that we can carry nothing with us out of this world. We ought to make good use of our money here for we cannot carry it beyond.

(497)

## A DAY AT A TIME.

Professor Amos R. Wells has a strong poem entitled "One Day's Service." He brings out in bold relief how much a single day lived nobly means:

O to serve God for a day!

From jubilant morn to the peace and the calm of the night

To tread no path but his happy and blossoming way,

To seek no delight

But the joy that is one with the joy at heaven's heart;

Only to go where Thou art,

O God of all blessing and beauty! to love, to obey,

With obedience sweetened by love, and love made strong by the right;

Not once, not once, to be drunken with self,

Or to play the hypocrite's poisoned part,

Or to bend the knee of my soul to the passion for pelf,

Or the glittering gods of the mart;

Through each glad hour to lay on the wings of its flight

Some flower for the angels' sight;

Some fragrant fashion of service, scarlet and white,

White for the pure intent, and red where the pulses start.

O, if thus I could serve him, could perfectly serve him one day,

I think I could perfectly serve him forever—forever and aye!

(498)

## SWEET FOOD.

Profesor Pfahl, head of the physiological laboratory of the German army, has been making some elaborate experiments which have confirmed the results of previous investigation, that sugar is a valuable article of diet, particularly for persons called upon to perform a large amount of muscular exertion. The professor found that after long and fatiguing walks the soldiers recuperated in from fifteen minutes to half an hour if they were given several lumps of sugar. These appeared to remove all feelings of lassitude and to restore the muscles to their original elastic condition. We all know that a few sweet, kind words of appreciation or sympathetic praise will put nerve into a tired or discouraged man or woman quicker than anything else. Appreciation, not blame or criticism, is the way to get the best service out of people, young or old.

(499)

## PATIENT WITH OUR FRIENDS.

How much happier the world would be if when ready to say a sharp, cruel word of criticism to husband, or wife, or child, or servant, or friend, we would only remember how many good things they do for us, and how the blessing they are to us is after all infinitely greater than the annoyance. Some poet, whose name I do not know, sings of it with true feeling:

The hands are such dear hands;

They are so full; they turn at our demands

So often; they reach out,

With trifles scarcely thought about,

So many times; they do

So many things for me, for you—

If their fond wills mistake,

We may well bend, not break.

They are such fond, frail lips

That speak to us. Pray if love strips

Them of discretion many times,

Or if they speak too slow or quick; such crimes

We may pass by, for we may see

Days not far off when those small words may be

Held not as slow, or quick, or out of place, but dear.

Because the lips are no more here.

(500)

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In the chapel at the U. S. military academy at West Point, is the following text: "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." Prov. 14: 34. Major General Merritt says that text has followed him all through a busy life. What a text for a sermon on Independence day. The nation's birthday is commemorated by the nation in firing crackers. We have passed the stage of boyhood as a nation and have responsibilities that will require the highest wisdom for their judicial discharge. Do not interfere with the children's play, but let the men of the nation hear the views of some orator on these mighty questions, on which the vitality of the nation hangs. Let the text on the Sunday previous be chosen in view of the day. In this connection we present some illustrations that may be found suitable for a sermon along these lines.

A movement which promises, says Ram's Horn, to bring sleepless nights to more than one party politician the coming summer has recently been put under way. It is popularly known as the Million League, and its immedi-

ate purpose is to secure the pledges of one million people who will vote for that party which promises to overthrow the liquor traffic. The form of pledge is as follows:

"We, the undersigned, pledge ourselves to vote in the year 1900 for only such persons for national offices as shall represent a party whose platform shall contain a plank demanding the immediate and total destruction of the traffic in intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes. This pledge to be binding in the event of One Million signatures being secured before the presidential election of 1900."

It will be seen by the above that while this is a political movement it is not a party movement in the strict sense. It is not an effort to form a new party, but to promise allegiance to that party which is the first to undertake the suppression of this frightful iniquity. It will also be seen that the individual pledge is not effective unless a total of one million other signatures are secured before the presidential election of 1900. There is a wide diversity of opinion as to the best means of annihilating the saloon, but there is scarcely any difference of opinion, amongst Christian men at least, that the saloon ought to be closed. The "million movement" affords a rational opportunity for such as these to give expression to their conviction, and we have no doubt that when party managers know that there are a million voters who stand ready to cast their ballots only in behalf of that party which pledges itself to this great reform, there will be a shifting of party platforms that will show that the average political manager is as lively an acrobat as is seen outside of a circus. Blank petitions and other information concerning this movement may be had if you send your name and a two-cent stamp to the Million Vote Headquarters, 1119 Woman's Temple, Chicago, Ill.

How to hold congregations in the summer is a serious problem, which is troubling even the most popular pulpit orators. Some parry the question with a long vacation. One solution is to have but one service a day and that in the afternoon. This is being tried in Cleveland. One minister is giving readings from Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. Readings from Black Rock or Sky Pilot, four Sunday nights in succession might be tried. Another suggestion is to try the plan of having the ladies give a lawn fete some week night to those in the neighborhood without charging for it. This is such a novelty that it is doubtful if it will be tried.

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## DEPARTMENTS.

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**Black Rock or Sky Pilot.**

The second book we can recommend, is "Black Rock," by Ralph Connor. It is as good as a vacation and will prove an inspiration to any minister. It is the story of a mission-

ary's efforts in the Northwest and you might as well read it now, for Ralph Connor will demand recognition and he can hardly excell Black Rock, although some think that his second book, Sky Pilot, does that. Either Black Rock or Sky Pilot can be ordered of Current Anecdotes for \$1.25.

The third book is published by the president of the Current Anecdotes Company, and so you will say our opinion is prejudiced. We only repeat the opinion, however, of the leading religious and missionary papers of the country when we say that "Missionary Annals of the Nineteenth Century" is and will remain the book of reference, of history and of story of the missionary effort of the past century. Can be ordered of the Current Anecdotes Company for \$1.50.

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## PATRIOTIC POETRY.

**Lest We Forget.**

God of our fathers, known of old—  
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—  
Beneath whose awful hand we hold  
Dominion over palm and pine—  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget.

The tumult and the shouting dies—  
The Captains and the Kings depart—  
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,  
An humble and a contrite heart.  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget.

Far-called our navies melt away—  
On dune and headland sinks the fire—  
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday  
Is one with Ninevah and Tyre.  
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget.

If drunk with sight of power we loose  
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—  
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,  
Or lesser breeds without the Law—  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget.

For heathen heart that puts her trust  
In reeking tube and iron shard—  
All valiant dust that builds on dust,  
And guarding calls not Thee to guard,  
For frantic boast and foolish word,  
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord.  
—Rudyard Kipling.  
(1079)

**War.**

The Man of Peace came back again one night,  
Passed slowly down a shell-torn battle height,  
Whereon a noise of purple victory,  
A whirl of war, had scarcely ceased to be.

And harried homes had sent their piteous yield  
Of brother hating brother to that field.  
Hot, choking fumes across the hilltops swept,  
Where late the little bands of flowers had kept  
An open house for friendly, wandering bees,  
While leaves had lispig gossip in the trees.

And wild, wet bloodmarks splashed the broken  
ground,  
And birds with knowing eyes were circling  
round,  
Praising and cheering in their skirling reel  
These men who die that birds may have a meal.

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Bleared bodies stretched them at the white  
Christ's feet  
Not men bent there the living God to meet,  
But hurled and heaped in hurricane of rage,  
And in their mouths a bite of dust for wage.

And they had starved and sweat and cursed and  
died

To soothe some swaggering lordling's huffy  
pride,

For some poor plume 't' the cap, some whimsy  
chance,

Some braggart's boast, some strutting circum-  
stance.

Yea, homes must feed the vultures, and must  
feed

The huckster statesmen in their crawling greed.

And then I heard the tender Christ make moan,  
The Mothering One who makes all grief His  
own.

His face was drawn with pain; I heard Him  
say:

"And after all the ages, this to-day!  
Bloodshed and blare and blaze of battle flame,  
Ravage and Rage, and yet they take My name!"

—Catherine Markham.  
(1080)

#### For Freedom.

"When a deed is done for freedom, through the  
broad earth's aching breast,  
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on  
from East to West,

And the slave where'er he cowers, feels the soul  
within him climb

To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy  
sublime

Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the  
thorny stem of time."

#### Right or Might.

"For right is right since God is God,  
And right the day shall win;  
To doubt would be disloyalty,  
To falter would be a sin." (1082)

#### A Wise Ruler.

Many will find their yearnings for the sim-  
plicity of the New Testament voiced in the fol-  
lowing recent poem of Hon. John D. Long,  
Secretary of the Navy:

I would, dear Jesus, I could break,  
The hedge that creeds and hearsay make:  
And like Thy first disciples be  
In person led and taught by Thee.

I read the words, so strong, so sweet;  
I seek the footprints of thy feet;  
But men so mystify the trace,  
I long to see Thee face to face.

Wouldst Thou not let me at Thy side,  
In Thee, in Thee so sure, confide?  
Like John, upon Thy breast recline  
And feel Thy heart make mine divine.  
—Christian Herald.  
(1083)

#### Where is Thy Brother—Cain?

I have sung of the soldier's glory,  
As I never shall sing again;  
I have gazed on the shambles gory,  
I have smelled of the slaughter-pen.

There is blood in the ink-well clotted,  
There are stains on the laurel leaf,  
And the pages of fame are blotted  
With the tears of a needless grief.

The bird is slaughtered for fashion,  
And the beast is killed for sport;  
And never the word "compassion"  
Is whispered at Moloch's court.

For the parent seal in the water  
Is slain, and her child must die,  
That some sister or wife or daughter  
Her beauty may beautify.

And the merciful thought we smother—  
For such is the way of man—  
As we murder the useless mother  
For the "unborn astrakhan."

But a season of rest comes never  
For the rarest sport of all;  
Will His patience endure forever,  
Who noteth a sparrow's fall?

When the volleys of hell are sweeping  
The sea and the battle plain,  
Do you think that our God is sleeping,  
And never to wake again?

When hunger and ravenous fever  
Are slaying the wasted frame,  
Shall we worship the red deceiver,  
The devil that men call Fame?

We may swing the censor to conquer  
The odor of blood—in vain;  
God asks us, over and over,  
"Where is thy brother—Cain?"  
—James Jeffrey Roche, in *The Century*.  
(1084)

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When Captain Philip asked his brave sailor  
boys not to cheer when the poor Spaniards  
were going to the bottom of the sea, his words  
thrilled the world, and made a hero of him for-  
ever.

"The bravest are the tenderest. The loving  
are the daring." When we have to fight, let  
us pray that Christian officers may command.  
(1085)

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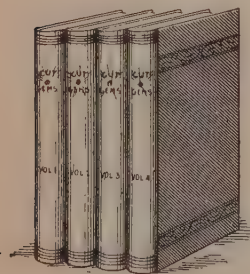
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roar of the saluting gun never ceases—that is, at some place, during every second of time, a salute is being fired. This furnishes an idea of the generous impulses which are demonstrated between nations or as marks of individual respect.—Saturday Evening Post. (1086)

### A Night Salute.

It is against naval regulations to salute at night. Attacks under cover of night and in the guise of salutes might be effected. One instance of the detrimental consequences of a violation of this custom was afforded in the port of Wei-Hei-Wei during the war between Japan and China. The appearance of a Japanese flagship at that port after dark was the occasion of a salute by a British naval officer who chanced to be there also. Incidentally the Chinese gained their first knowledge of the presence of the enemy by this nocturnal salute. There was a good deal of a diplomatic row over the affair, but it was explained away on the ground of individual carelessness; moreover, Japan found herself in the position of not being able to protest against what was alleged to be a tribute to her dignity and worth. Some one has said, "Preserve me from my friends." (1087)

### Tender and True.

In a popular magazine was related, not many months ago, an incident illustrating the tenderness of Abraham Lincoln. While paying Grant a visit at his headquarters at Corinth, Miss., he became much attached to three kittens he found there, and when leaving, he gave orders that they should be kindly treated. He was so much inclined to pardon soldiers for violation of army rules that his cabinet advisers often became impatient with him. It was a quality of his kindness that he could be as tender toward his enemies as to his friends. It was due to this fact that his death was almost as much lamented at the South as at the North.—Love your enemies. (1088)

### Blind Patriotism.

"The loyalist patriot's creed: My country, right or wrong. My party, right or wrong. My state, right or wrong. My city, right or wrong. My neighborhood, right or wrong. My family, right or wrong. Myself, right or wrong. Me!" —The Clarion. (1089)

### A Gentle Boer.

General Joubert's successor as commander-in-chief of the Boer forces is Gen. Louis Botha. He is about 36 years old, and has distinguished himself by his courage and skill as a commander, in the present war and in operations against the natives. He commanded the Boers at the battle of Spion Kop, and impartial reports credit him with great ability in that engagement and magnanimity after it. (1090)

### Biting the Army.

Once on a time, when the "Rebs" were marching on Gettysburg, they passed a house

close to the road. On the porch stood a child and her mother. A tiny terrier, safe behind the paling-fence, barked furiously at the soldiers. Beaver was the name of that loyal dog. Beaver refused to behave himself. Then at last came Gen. L., and rode on the sidewalk. At this liberty the small dog ran to and fro, and barked yet more angrily. Upon this the general heard the child cry out in alarm: "O mamma, mamma! Don't let Beav bite the army!"—Century. The army to-day is being bit by the army can-tees. It don't bark, but it leaves a ghastly mark. (1091)

### Bounded by the Day of Judgement. ✓

Some time in the dim antiquity of our Civil War, or earlier, some happy Americans were dining together; it may have been in New York or it may have been in Paris. Taking a cheerful view of things, the first speaker closed his remarks with the sentiment, "Here's to the United States! bounded on the north by British America, on the south by the Gulf of Mexico, on the east by the Atlantic, and on the west by the Pacific Ocean." "But," said the second speaker, "this is far too limited a view of the subject. Here's to the United States! bounded on the north by the north pole, on the south by the south pole, on the east by the rising, and on the west by the setting sun." But here rose the third speaker, a very serious gentleman from the Far West. "If we are going," said this truly patriotic American, "to take our manifest destiny into account, why restrict ourselves within the narrow limits assigned by our fellow-countryman who has just sat down? I give you the United States! bounded on the north by the Aurora borealis, on the south by the procession of the equinoxes, on the east by primeval chaos, and on the west by the day of judgment."—Let our president and senators and voters remember that this nation is bound by the day of judgment on all sides. God made it and God will weigh it some day. When weighed will it be found wanting? (1092)

### A Big Butcher's Bill.

According to the last report of the Secretary of War the army of the United States consisted of 7,540 officers and 171,646 enlisted men. The last Congress in what it supposed to be a moment of generosity allowed a little over \$70,000,000 for war expenses, but those who knew the facts understood perfectly that much more money would be required, so we have not been very much surprised to find in the Urgency Deficiency Bill of the present Congress the somewhat respectable sum of \$45,951,949 for the support of the army. This, mind you, is an addition to \$75,247,811 already allowed for the current year. In other words, we are paying about \$330,000 a day, or \$1,375 an hour, or \$220 a minute for our present army organization and its expenses in the various parts of the world. The curious feature in the whole case is that the politicians are trying to hide the fact that we are maintaining a large army, and if we are to pursue our present plans the size of it may have to be increased. Thus in the legislation that is proposed there is the most pains-

taking care to keep from any one the idea that we are drifting toward the enormous war expenses of a modern power. At the same time, when we add these figures the one hundred and forty-odd millions which we are paying out for pensions, we exceed the army expenses of any nation on earth, with the possible exception of Great Britain whose expenditures in South Africa may form the greatest total in the history of warfare.—Saturday Evening Post.—If this is the price of freeing a land from captivity, we can afford to pay it. If it is the price of conquest, it's too much. (1093)

### Coming Home From War.

Mrs. Pickett, widow of the famous Confederate general, when the war was over, waited for her husband's return. After the battle of Five Forks he had persistently refused to surrender his shattered force, and prolonged the unequal struggle. Soon rumors came that he had been killed in a skirmish, and the rumors were corroborated by the newspapers and even by official reports. Hope seemed at an end, and Mrs. Pickett sat day after day, her baby in her lap, in the quiet of despair. She can best tell her own story:

"One morning I had mechanically dressed baby George, and had taken him to the window to hear the spring sounds and breathe the spring balm and catch the sunshine's dripping gold wreathing the blossoms of the magnolia and tulip-trees.

"Through the quiver and curl of leaves, the perfumes of the flowers and the soft undertone of the dawn-winds came the words, 'Whoa, Lucy; whoa, little girl!'

"Oh, those tones, those words, that voice! They thrilled my heart so that I wonder it did not burst from very gladness! Such joy, such gratitude as flooded my soul only the Giver of all good can know! All the privation and blood-stains of the past four years, and the woes and trials, griefs and fears of those last dreadful days were swept away by those blessed words, 'Whoa, Lucy!' spoken in my husband's tender tones."—Youth's Companion. (1094)

### War Bulletins in the Clouds.

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In an instant another beam shot upward from

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one of the vessels at the docks of Manila and finally rested on the light from the Olympia, the two forming a span more than twenty-five miles in length. With the point of convergence in the clouds as a base, the men operating the monster lights began to talk to each other. The shaft from Manila remained perfectly stationary, while the beam of light from the Olympia was made to wave first to the right and then to the left of the white line from the deck of the craft twenty-five miles away. "What is the

cause of the firing?" signalled Dewey by a series of right and left movements. "The Filipinos have attacked the American outposts," came the reply. As soon as Dewey had asked a question, he would hold his light perfectly quiet, to form a base for the signalling at the other end.—If nations fixed the search-light of inquiry on Heaven and got their answer from above, there would be peace instead of war, war, war. (1095)

## MEN AND MENTION.

### Scissors or Oranges?

My wife told me one day that she had just come from a friend's house where one of the children, a little boy, had been cutting something with a knife, and it had slipped upward and put out his eye, and his mother was afraid of his losing the other. Of course, after that my wife was careful that our little boy, two years old, shouldn't get the scissors, or anything by which he could harm himself. But prohibit a child from having any particular thing, and he's sure to have it; so one day our little fellow got hold of the scissors. His sister seeing what he had, and knowing the law, tried to take the scissors from him, but the more she tried the more he clung to them. All at once she remembered that he liked oranges, and that there was one in the next room. Away she went and back she came:

"Willie, would you like an orange?"

The scissors were dropped, and he clutched the orange.

God sometimes takes away the scissors, but He gives us an orange. Get both your feet into the narrow way; it leads to life and joy; its ways are ways of pleasantness, and all its paths are peace. It is the way of victory, of peace; no gloom there; all light.—Moody. (1096)

### Answered Prayer.

I remember Hudson Taylor telling in my schoolroom in Ireland, when I had the happiness of being a parochial clergyman, of one of his never forgotten it. He told us how a gathering of Missionaries had met together to consider what the needs of the Mission were at that moment. They came to the conclusion that they ought to send home word that they wanted 100 Missionaries out before the year 1887 closed. Well, it seemed a big request, but they asked God to give them the 100. Now, what did God do? He gave them 102 Missionaries, but two of them had to turn back sick before they reached China; so that God gave, according to their faith, exactly what they wanted. The Lord does answer our faith. (1097)

### A Man with A Country.

Count Zinzendorf, the fervent Moravian leader, is said to have written the word: "That land is henceforth my country which most needs the Gospel." The Moravians in all their missionary enterprises have ever since been manifesting this spirit of self-denial and sacrifice. In this they set us an example that is worthy of study and imitation. (1098)

### Misapplied Talent.

On one occasion when Li Hung Chang was having a bitter fight with some of the more conservative members of the Tsung Li Yamen he received as a present a magnificent cake which he had reason to suspect contained poison. He put the cake aside and set all his powerful machinery to work to find out who was at the bottom of the plot. The investigation was partly successful, the crime being traced to three men, of whom one, at least, was absolutely guilty. Li had the trio arrested and brought to his Yamen. When they arrived they were ushered into his presence and were received in his courtliest manner. The cake was produced with the remark that "politeness forbade his tasting it until the three generous donors had had an opportunity to enjoy its excellence." Li cut the cake and one of his servitors handed it to the unwilling guests. Each took a piece and ate, or pretended to eat it. One crumbled the pieces and let them fall upon the floor, but the other two ate calmly, without manifesting any emotion. Ten minutes and the two men began to show symptoms of suffering. Li smiled benignantly and said to the man who had not eaten: "Your wisdom is so great that I am compelled to preserve your head as a souvenir of transcendent genius."

The man was removed and promptly decapitated. To the other two the Premier remarked: "The cake that you are eating is not the one you sent, but one which I had my cook imitate. The poison from which you are suffering exists only in your imagination. I know of no way to cure your present pain except by letting you share the same fate as your friend who has just left the room."

As they were led away the statesman said to his retinue: "It is a pity that a man who can eat a deadly corrosive poisoning with an unmoved countenance should so misapply the talent wherewith Heaven has endowed him."—Other men partake of the deadly poison of sin, and yet maintain a clear countenance before the world—for a time. It wears, however, on soul and body. (1099)

### The Anvil.

"It was the saying of Voltaire that Christianity would not survive the nineteenth century. But what has the nineteenth century not done for Christianity? It has sent the Gospel anew into all the world. It has gathered in the islands of the South, and shaken the mighty

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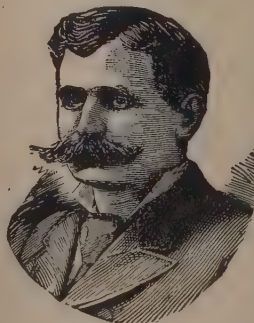
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"I have now," says Thomas Paine, at the end of the first page of his 'Age of Reason,' written about a hundred years ago, 'gone through the Bible as a man would go through a wood, with an axe on his shoulder, and fell trees. Here they lie, and the priests may, if they can, replant them. They may, perhaps, stick them in the ground, but they will never make them grow.' Some time ago I wanted a copy of the work from which this extract is taken. I had difficulty in finding one in the capital of Scotland while it is not too much to say that for every Bible that was in Scotland a century ago there are now twenty."—Dr. Cairns. (1100)

#### Festival Money.

Extravagant people are generally those who are spending money earned by others. Success tells how Collis P. Huntington, the railroad magnate, learned to appreciate the value of a dollar.

Like many other country lads, he did not have any too much spending money. One time a church near where he was then living decided to have a festival, and he was very anxious to go. He approached his father and asked him for a dollar, in order that he might attend the entertainment. His father replied: "If you really want to go to the festival, you will go out and make a dollar."

The lad, who was destined to dazzle the world with the magnitude of his railway and financial operations, recognized the reasonableness of the remark, and went out and made the dollar, working earnestly and laboriously at farm labor.

"But," says Mr. Huntington, "when the night of the festival arrived and I went up to my room to dress, I thought to myself: 'Now, I've worked too hard for that dollar to squander it on something that will do me no special good.' I saved that dollar, and," continued the capitalist, with a twinkle in his genial eyes, "I've never been without a dollar since." (1101)

#### Ten Poor Boys.

John Adams, second President, was the son of a grocer of very moderate means. The only start he had was a good education.

Andrew Jackson was born in a log hut in North Carolina, and was reared in the pine woods for which the State is famous.

James K. Polk spent the earlier years of his life helping to dig a living out of a farm in North Carolina. He was afterward a clerk in a country store.

Millard Fillmore was a son of a New York farmer, and his home was a humble one. He learned the business of a clothier.

Abraham Lincoln was the son of a wretched-

ly poor farmer in Kentucky, and lived in a log cabin until he was twenty-one years old.

Andrew Jackson was apprenticed to a tailor at the age of ten years by his widowed mother. He was never able to attend school, and picked up all the education he ever had.

Ulysses S. Grant lived the life of a village boy, in a plain house on the banks of the Ohio river, until he was seventeen years of age.

James A. Garfield was born in a log cabin. He worked on the farm until he was strong enough to use carpenter's tools, when he learned the trade. He afterward worked on a canal.

Grover Cleveland's father was a Presbyterian minister with a small salary and a large family. The boys had to earn their living.

William McKinley's early home was plain and comfortable, and his father was able to keep him at school.—Rocky Mountain Advocate.—But above all, the poor boy should never forget that he has a Father in heaven.

(1102)

#### Hungry for Kind Words.

When the late C. P. Leland, so many years the famous auditor of the Lake Shore railroad, was stricken with the illness that finally ended his life, Mr. Newell, the president, was very solicitous as to his condition. He asked about him frequently and went to see him whenever he could. Mr. Newell was stern and unappreciative and practically worked himself to death.

One morning he was shown into the sick room and made his usual inquiries.

Mr. Leland lay silent for a little space, gazing fixedly at his chief. Then he spoke.

"Mr. Newell," said he, "I know that the end of my life is very near. The doctors have known it for some time, but they only told me of it today. If my work is ended here, I am ready to go. But before I go, may I ask you just one question?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Newell, as he took a seat.

"I have held an important position under you for many years. It was a work to which my life has been given; into which my whole heart entered. What I want to ask you is this: In all that work, in those long years of service, has there ever been one little thing of which you approved? One single bit of that work that was worthy of your commendation? One single item anywhere, upon which you could lay your finger and say, 'This thing has been well done?'"

Mr. Newell answered: "Leland, you know that your work was well done, and that it always met with my approval."

"Then, why did you not tell me so?"

The iron mask fell. Mr. Newell's eyes filled with tears. He took the hand of the dying man in his.

Then he let the other for a moment see into his soul. "I have tried to do these things, but I cannot. They will not out. That is the only excuse I have. I thought you knew how your work has always seemed to me. I ought to have told you so. Is it too late that I tell you now?"—Little words of kindness are worth more than gold. They should have free coinage. (1103)

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## THE RUBBER TREE—An Investment.

*The Outlook*, Dr. Lyman Abbot's paper, recently printed the following:

"When you put on a pair of overshoes or look at a rubber tire, do you ever think of the rubber tree which gives its sap for these useful articles?"

In Mexico the rubber tree once grew wild—great forests of rubber trees. About a hundred years ago, it is said, the Spanish government sent a man to Mexico to study its vegetable productions, and he discovered how valuable is the juice, sap, or milk of the rubber tree, whichever you wish to call it. The natives soon learned its value, and they used the trees up, as we have our forests, and did not think of the time when there would be no wild trees to furnish the rubber sap. Recently some men have bought land and planted rubber trees. These trees are self propagating: that is they sow their own seed.

In the cultivated forests of rubber trees the trees are planted to grow in regular order, and the young shoots are cut down, or transplanted. The method of gathering the sap is not unlike our method of gathering maple sap, and before the rubber sap is ready for market it must be boiled as our sap is, to get rid of the water, and pressed into cakes. Then the cakes are packed in bags and shipped to manufacture the many things into which rubber enters."

One of the largest companies engaged in this cultivation of the rubber tree in Mexico is the Chiapas Rubber Plantation and Investment Co. They own 24,000 acres, which are being planted in series of 3,000 acres each. The third series will be planted this year. Shrewd, honest and capable men are at the head of this company and rather than hold all of this immense plantation idle until they can afford the money to develop it for themselves, they are selling some of the stock, each share representing an acre, which you can have deeded to yourself in 1910 on agreement of a majority of the shareholders.

In the meantime the company will plant 200 rubber trees on your acre, or 1,000 if you take five acres, and attend to them until they come to maturity, which will take five years, and after that will gather the crop and pay you the money. All this is done for you without any additional payment than that you make for your share or acre. In clearing up the land for planting, something is realized from the trees that are felled, being mostly fine furniture wood, and also from tapping the wild rubber trees which already grow on your acre, showing that the land is well adopted for it.

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